

Welcome to *Israel* and to *David's* Breast!  
Here all your Toils, here all your Sufferings Rest.

This year did *Ziloah* Rule *Jerusalem*,  
And boldly all Sedition's Syrges stem,  
How e're incumbred with a viler Pair  
Than *Ziph* or *Shimei* to assist the Chair;  
Yet *Ziloah's* loyal Labours so prevail'd  
That Faction at the next Election fail'd,  
VVhen ev'n the common Cry did Justice Sound,  
And Merrit by the Multitude was Crown'd:  
VVith *David* then was *Israel's* Peace restord,  
Crowds Mournd their Errour and Obey'd their Lord.

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FINIS.

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# T O W S E R

## T H E

### S E C O N D

#### A

# B U L L - D O G.

Or a short Reply to *ABSALON* and *ACHITOPHEL*.

**I**N pious times when Poets were well bang'd  
For sawcy Satyr and for Sham-Plots hang'd,  
A Learned Bard, that long commanded had  
The trembling Stage in Chief, at last run mad,  
And Swore and tore and ranted at no rate.  
*Apollo* and his *Muses* in debate  
What to do with him, one cry'd, let him Blood,  
That says, another will do little good;  
His Brains infected sure, under his Nose  
We'll burn some Feathers of *Penn*, who knows  
But that may bring him to himself again?  
Ay, for some time says *Clyo*; she was more  
For *Opiates*, others for *Hellebore*.  
*Apollo* having heard all they could say,  
Rose up and thank't them said, he'de try a way  
He hop'd would do, then call'd a Noble Friend  
Well vers't in Men, and beg'd of him to spend  
Some time and pains upon this wretch, which he,  
Agreeing to, went presently to work,  
Open'd his head, saw where the Maggots lurk,  
Took many of them out, put them in Sur,  
Then Added *Mercury* and *Nitre* to't,  
Mixt and infus'd them well, and after all,  
Distill'd them 'in a Limbeck Comical,  
And drew a Spirit very Sovereign,  
For those are troubled with the fits o'th Brain,  
And gave our Poet some, all he could make  
The peevish, Squeamish, self-wild Coxcomb take.  
It did him good and cur'd him of those Fits:  
But 'twas too little to restore his Wits:  
For since he has gin' ore to Plague the Stage  
With the effects of his Poetick rage,  
Like a mad Dog he runs about the Streets,  
Snarling and Biting every one he meets.  
The other day he met our Royal *CHARLES*,  
And his two Mistresses, and at them Snarles.  
Then falls upon the Ministers of State  
Treats them all A-la-mode *de Billingsgate*:



But

But most of all, the glory of our gown;  
 He must be bark't at, Driv'd, pist upon.  
 He whose soft tongue had charmes enough t' assuage  
 The Tygers fierceness, could not scape the rage  
 Of this same whiffling Cur; poor Cerberous,  
 That taught the Rogue to bark, was serv'd just thus.  
 This Vipers brood, contrary to all Laws,  
 The torn out Entrails of his Parent knows.  
 He gives no quarter, spairs no friend, nor foe,  
 And where he once gets hold, never lets go  
 Until he breaks a tooth, which he hath done  
 So oft of late, that he hath few or none  
 Left in his mouth. Nay which is worst of all  
 On his Physician he does always fall,  
 And find him out where e're he is and bawl  
 Eternally, taking in Evil part  
 What he good man did by the rules of art,  
 And for his good, assisted by a Set  
 Of the most able Leeches he could get;  
*Apello* vex't to see there was no more  
 Effect of Medicine, bid his friend give o're,  
 And sent some Chirurgions to him to anoint  
 The Carcase of the whelp in every Joynt  
 With Oyl of Crab-tree, than which nothing fetches  
 The itching Venome out of Scribbling Wretches  
 Better or sooner, but I know not how  
 It came to pass, with him it would not do.  
 For since his being anointed, he is run  
 Yelping with Towser up and down the Town,  
 And crying out against an *Abalon*  
 And an *Achitophel*. The Currs had got  
 Between them in their Mouthes a new Sham-Plot,  
 The Twentieth of the Kings, some say indeed  
 It is the same that Mother *Celiver* hid,  
 Deep in the Meal-tub, only new lick't o're  
 And brought to better shape by half a score  
 Of *Irish* Mongrels, newly fetcht from thence,  
 The best in *England* at an Evidence.  
 A little bribe will make them sware devoutly,  
 They're much more famous for their swearing stoutly,  
 Then for their fighting so, this kind of Cattel  
 Are better far at Roguery than Battel.  
 An *Irish* man's Antiwood-cock, cares  
 To venture nothing, but his head Ears.  
 This Copper coyn will never with us pass,  
 It looks so scurvily, nay it smells of Brass;  
 How could you think this would be currant here;  
 That is not so at home? 'Tis cry'd down there:  
 What then shall we do now; faith you had best  
 Try *Scotland* next, now it hath past the Test  
 Come hither my Dog *Towser*, come, for I  
 A new Experiment intend to try,  
 Ile have thee worm'd, hold out thy Venom'd Tongue;  
 What a huge Worm is here? 'Tis an inch Long,  
 And of the *Jebusite* smells very strong  
 If this won't do thou shalt be fairly hung.

F I N I S.

L O N D O N, Printed for T. J. 1681.



TOWZER DISCOVER'D:  
OR A

New Ballade  
ON AN



OLD DOG

That Writes *Strange-Lee*.

To the Tune of *Oh how unhappy a Lover am I*.

**H**OW unhappy a Mastiffe am I,  
to have all the Dogs of Renown,  
Scratching their Tails and biting their Nails  
for madness that I am in Town.

At Towzer they daily do bark,  
A Towzer, a Towzer they cry;  
Both the Commons and Peers would all shake my Ears,  
I hardly know where to lie:

Poor Towzer they maul with Eggs,  
And threaten him in every Street;  
Let me die like a Dog if I know where to jogg:  
For I fear even all that I meet.

I dare not walk out by day;  
They set Dogs on the *Observer*:  
If I walk in the Street, I fear all I meet,  
But the Papists and my Creator.

The Papists will do me no harm,  
My Creator will do me no good.  
I'm a Son of a Bitch if I have not an Itch  
To lick up the Protestant Blood.

That will make a Popish Cur fat,  
And Towzer is such an one.  
Oh the Times will be well, when my Belly doth swell,  
With picking a Protestant Bone.

The